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of the essence of oak exhibited, than under more fortunate circumstances.

Nor can we deny any praise which may be bestowed on the cherished desire of Wordsworth:

"Would that the little flowers were born to live,  
Conscious of half the pleasure which they give;  
That to this mountain daisy's self were known  
The beauty of its star-shaped shadow thrown  
On the smooth surface of this naked stone."

A wish becoming a poet! We may rightly believe he more than half suspected it to be true. He has more confidence of expression, at least, when he speaks of birds.

"The blackbird in the summer trees,  
The lark upon the hill,  
Let loose their carol when they please,  
Are quiet when they will.  
With nature never do they wage  
A foolish strife: they see  
A happy youth, and their old age  
Is beautiful and free."

A critic has found fault with this, because, in matter-of-fact, little is known of the closing days of birds at liberty. For the very reason that little is known, doth it seem to us, the poet has a right to the freedom he may require.

There is no great difficulty in contemplating the instinctive faculties of animals, as raised to the level of humanity. Sometime we imagine faculties, and ally them to our own natures. Wordsworth, in some parts of his "White Doe of Rylstone," has perhaps endowed his gentle creature, with something too much beyond the matter-of-fact, to please those who are stubborn in denying the poet one of the truest ends of his mission. How much would some portions of the Ancient Mariner loose in their effect, if its author had succumbed to the opinions of such prosers. So our other poet, in his Tale of Peter Bell, presents the poor ass to us in a way, that for its justification we must look to the right of the poet in consideration of the circumstances and effect of his story.

"Let them whose voice can stop the clouds,  
Whose cunning eye can see the wind,  
Tell to a curious world the cause,  
Why, making here a sudden pause,  
The Ass turned round his head and grinned."

This privilege has antiquity enough if we go to the fabulists, and in his illustrations of Reineke Fuchs, no less an artist than Kaulbach has devoted his talents to the very same purpose. We might notice also how nearly amounting to the same thing is the informing power that Landseer has used, in those unequalled representations of animals. Some have objected that he sometimes carries this to too great an extent. That the brute physiognomy admits of a study, as well as the human, no one can doubt, and that this study will show that man and the animal have more in their natures that is common, than was generally supposed, this Lavater of brutes, as he has been called, has well succeeded in illustrating. He has taught us to know, that in beasts, as well as in mankind, individuals exist not merely in form alone, but in all the various traits of character. "He breathes into the brute world," says Bulwer, "a spiritual eloquence of expression beyond all literary power to describe. He is worth to the Voice of Humanity, all the societies in England. He elevates your sympathies for animals to the level of human interests. He throws a poetry over

the most unpoetical; nay, he has given a pathos even to a widowed duck; he is a sort of link to the genius of Wilkie, carrying down the sentiment of humane humor from man to man's great dependent family, and binding all creation together in one common sentiment of that affection, where wisdom comprehends all things."

That part of the animal's character called his instinct, seems to have a correspondent impulse in plants. Else what is it that dries and withers the hop plant, if its purpose be not thwarted, when an attempt is made to force it around a pole in a direction contrary to the course of the sun. So the convolvulus will shut up its flowers at the approach of rain, and the Poor man's weather-glass tell of the shower that is coming. These and many other manifestations of the floral tribe which might be enumerated, may be considered sure evidences of a spontaneity, and it only needs the power of the poet to change them into the significance of something approaching human volition. Indeed there are not wanting botanists who are willing to ascribe to plants in plain prose a limited degree of sensation and pleasure, prompted by such signs as these, and by that sort of sanctified enjoyment which a tree seems to experience in a shower, when, as it were, relaxing its muscles, it droops its limbs, and stands gratefully and humbly receiving the baptism, that seems to revive its very soul, almost we might believe in the very faith that used to induce Bacon to walk out uncovered in a shower, in order that he might feel the Spirit of the Universe descending upon him.

Thus far we have spoken of inorganic nature and of the lower orders of animal existence, and how, poetically at least, they seem to be gifted with something approaching human feelings and powers. Now the forest and the stream seem to have a soul of their own akin to the vivifying spirit of humanity. We find a trace of this belief in what Irving says of his native Hudson: "I fancy I can trace much of what is good and pleasant in my own heterogeneous compound to my early companionship with this glorious river. In the warmth of my youthful enthusiasm, I used to clothe it with moral attributes, and almost to give it a soul!"

Further than this we populate these same forests and rivers with another existence, imaginary, it is true, yet alive to us, as partakers of the poetic sense. A kind of compound of the spiritual and the human are these impalpable creations. We should be unable to imagine them without our experience with humanity, and they necessarily assume the viewless state of spirits. Such are the various divisions of the fairy kind, like those of the Midsummer Night's Dream and the Culpit Fay, and the fabled mythologies of the ancients.

Lastly, we must not forget the humanized existence, that we sometimes apply to physical or mechanical forces, as to steam and electricity, &c., addressing them and naming them as though they were something more than a blind impulse, feeling with Wordsworth, that we

"Exult to see  
An intellectual mastery exercised  
O'er the blind elements; a purpose given,  
A perseverance fed: almost a soul  
Imparted—to brute matter."

JUSTIN WINSOR.

## ROMAN RENAISSANCE.—PRIDE OF SCIENCE.

[From *Stones of Venice*.]

Of all the buildings in Venice, later in date than the final additions to the Ducal Palace, the noblest is, beyond all question, that which having been condemned by its proprietor, not many years ago, to be pulled down and sold for the value of its materials, was rescued by the Austrian government, and appropriated,—the government having no other use for it—to the business of the Post-office; though still known to the gondolier by its ancient name, the Casa Grimani. It is composed of three stories of the Corinthian order, at once simple, delicate, sublime; but on so colossal a scale, that the three-storied palaces on its right and left only reach to the cornice which marks the level of its first floor. Yet it is not at first perceived to be so vast; and it is only when some expedient is employed to hide it from the eye, that by the sudden dwarfing of the whole reach of the Grand Canal, which it commands, we become aware that it is to the majesty of the Casa Grimani that the Rialto itself, and the whole group of neighboring buildings, owe the greater part of their impressiveness. Nor is the finish of its details less notable than the grandeur of their scale. There is not an erring line, nor a mistaken proportion, throughout its noble front; and the exceeding fineness of the chiselling gives an appearance of lightness to the vast blocks of stone out of whose perfect union that front is composed. The decoration is sparing, but delicate; the first story only simpler than the rest, in that it has pilasters instead of shafts, but all with Corinthian capitals; rich in leafage, and fluted delicately; the rest of the walls flat and smooth, and their mouldings sharp and shallow; so that the bold shafts look like crystal of beryl running through a rock of quartz.

This palace is the principal type at Venice, and one of the best in Europe, of the central architecture of the Renaissance schools; that carefully studied and perfectly executed architecture to which those schools owe their principal claims to our respect, and which became the model of most of the important works subsequently produced by civilized nations. I have called it the Roman Renaissance, because it is founded, both in its principles of superimposition, and in the style of its ornament, upon the architecture of classic Rome at its best period. The revival of Latin literature both led to its adoption and directed its form; and the most important example of it which exists is the modern Roman basilica of St. Peter's. It had, at its Renaissance or new birth, no resemblance either to Greek, Gothic, or Byzantine forms, except in retaining the use of the round arch, vault, and dome; in the treatment of all details it was exclusively Latin; the last links of connection with Mediæval tradition, having been broken by its builders in their enthusiasm for classical Art, and the forms of true Greek or Athenian architecture being still unknown to them. The study of these noble Greek forms has induced various modifications of the Renaissance in our own times; but the conditions which are found most applicable to the uses of modern life are still Roman, and the

entire style may most fitly be expressed by the term Roman Renaissance.

It is this style in its purity and fullest form, —represented by such buildings as the Casa Grimani at Venice (built by San Micheli), the Town Hall at Vicenza (by Palladio), St. Peter's, at Rome (by Michael Angelo), St. Paul's and Whitehall, in London (by Wren and Inigo Jones), which is the true antagonist of the Gothic school. The intermediate or corrupt conditions of it, though multiplied over Europe, are no longer admired by architects, or made the subjects of their study; but the finished work of the central school is still, in most cases, the model set before the student of the nineteenth century, as opposed to those Gothic, Romanesque, or Byzantine forms, which have so long been considered barbarous, and are so still by most of the leading men of the day. That they are, on the contrary, most noble and beautiful, and that the antagonistic Renaissance is, in the main, unworthy and unadmirable, whatever perfection of a certain kind it may possess, it was my principal purpose to show when I first undertook the labor of this work.

(To be continued.)

# CORREGGIO:

A Tragedy by

ADAM OEHLenschLAGER.

Translated by Theodore Martin.

BATTISTA

(opens the letter and sees the signature.)

From my son's master?

Now shall you see, this sings a different strain.

ANTONIO

(stops him as he is about to read it.)

Is this the first you have received from him?

BATTISTA.

Ay, but it will not be the last, I warrant.

ANTONIO.

He is reputed for a man of sense, An honest man, and a good artist, too. I'll wager now, that Lucas says, with me, Your son, Francesco, ne'er will make a painter.

BATTISTA.

How?

ANTONIO.

Do you take the bet—the stake a dinner?

BATTISTA.

And what am I to have, if you shall lose?

ANTONIO.

My picture there!

BATTISTA.

The last that you have done?

ANTONIO.

My picture to a dinner, Lucas says, Francesco ne'er will be a painter!

BATTISTA.

Well,

You are a headstrong, self-conceited fellow! Blame no one but yourself, then, if you lose.

ANTONIO.

(offering him his hand.)

Fear not. Is it a bet?

BATTISTA

I am content.

There is no need that we shake hands upon it. 'Tis only friends do that.

ANTONIO.

I am your foe, As little, as Francesco is a painter.

BATTISTA.

That's to be seen.

ANTONIO.

Now read!

BATTISTA (reads.)

"Take back your son! He ne'er was meant by Nature for an artist, And you but waste your money in the hope."  
(making an effort to restrain his wrath.)

ANTONIO.

Said I not well? I knew it must be so. Look you, the bungler has some grains of sense. Nay, nay, why chafe? You have no cause for wrath.

Rather rejoice, you've fallen into the hands Of one who neither robs you of your gold, Nor cheats your son of his more precious years. Send for Francesco home, let him assist you, In keeping house here,—that is better far, And much more rational in every way. Nay, be not angry! but submit in peace. Adieu! you'll mind the wager; 'tis our need Constrains me to remind you, not my will.

[Exit.

BATTISTA.

'Take back your son; he ne'er was meant'— Confound it!

To have the saucy knave go crowing off, Whilst I, poor devil, stand dumbfounded here! Oh, that I knew some way to shame him!—ay! To pull his pride down! There, there stands my house, And there his cottage; not a stranger comes Within my doors, but visits the dull rogue, To look, forsooth, at these vile daubs of his. They speak much more of him, in other towns, Than of —

(enter OTTAVIO from the hotel.)

Here comes my Lord Ottavio! I must be calm! He loves not solemn looks.

OTTAVIO.]

Hilloah, Battista! How? You seem put out! What have you there? A billet-doux? So ho! Is it your sweetheart has discarded you?

BATTISTA.

Not me, sir, but my son she has.

OTTAVIO.

Your son! How so?

BATTISTA.

The Muse, or whatso'er the jade is call'd! His master writes from Rome, to say I ought To take him home, for he will never make, A painter.

OTTAVIO.

So! I'm very glad to hear it; Now he can be my keeper of accounts, My steward.

BATTISTA.

Oh, your Excellency! Thanks!

OTTAVIO.

I've long desired to make you this proposal; You are too far away from me; I need To have some person always near at hand. I've miss'd you ever since you took this place. 'Tis not sufficient for my purpose, that You come to me at Parma once a week.

BATTISTA.

Indeed your Excellency's kindness moves My father's heart—I may say, unto tears.

OTTAVIO.

How came you by a notion so absurd, As e'er to make a painter of the boy?

BATTISTA.

Because 'tis grown the fashion everywhere; And artists now are held in such repute, That even the nieces of the cardinals Scarce serve them for their wives.\*

OTTAVIO.

Perhaps Antonio Has put you on the thought by his example?

BATTISTA.

Oh, he's a miserable devil; ne'er Set he his cap at dames of quality. He was contented with much smaller game: He took a potter's daughter for his wife.

OTTAVIO.

Battista, much I envy him his choice! For she, compared with dames of quality, Is as the rosebud to the painted vase.

BATTISTA.

You think so?

OTTAVIO.

Know you what has kept me here So long?

BATTISTA.

Why, Hm! Your Eccellenza loves—

OTTAVIO.

You know?

BATTISTA.

The charming landscape, and my house Serves as a summer villa, so to speak. I'm sadly grieved your Eccellenza can't Stay longer with us at the present time.

OTTAVIO.

And I am grieved more sadly! Have they put The saddle on my horse?

BATTISTA.

They have, my lord!

OTTAVIO.

You follow me to town?

BATTISTA.

Yes, Eccellenza!

This afternoon.

OTTAVIO.

'Tis well! But, to return To this same painter. Do you know, my friend, That this poor painter doth a treasure own, Which much I envy him?

BATTISTA.

What! he, my lord? A treasure? He has nothing,—not a farthing.

OTTAVIO.

Yet many a ducat would I gladly give, To be the lord of that same treasure, friend.

BATTISTA.

Your Eccellenza fills me with surprise!

OTTAVIO.

He has a rare Madonna, I were fain To buy of him.

BATTISTA.

Oh, his new picture! Well, Its utmost value can't be very great. Permit me, Eccellenza, to remark, 'Tis no ideal of God's mother; no, 'Tis only his own wife, and nothing more.

OTTAVIO.

What would you say, if this original Were, in my eyes, the loveliest of Madonnas?

\* Here and in a subsequent passage in the drama, the poet alludes to the betrothal of Raphael to Maria Bibbienna, the niece of Bernardo Divizio, Cardinal of Bibbienna.